

Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.

Dut. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes :
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine.

Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my losse.

Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this frantick play,
Th' adulterate *Hastings*, *Rimers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.

Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,
Onely referu'd their Factor, to buy soules,
And fend them thither: But at hand, at hand
Infues his pittious and vnpietied end.

Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him sodainly conuey'd from hence:
Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.

Qu. O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was;

The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:

A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge

To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot;
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;

A Queene in least, onely to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?

Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Ioy?
Who fues, and kneeles, and sayes, God saue the Queene?

Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow:

For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
For one being sued too, one that humbly fues:

For Queene, a very Cayritiffe, crown'd with care:
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:

For she being feared of all, now fearing one:
For the commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,

Having no more but Thought of what thou wast.
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,

Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not
Vsutpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow?

Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
From which, euen heere I slip my wearied head,

And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.
Farwell *Yorke*s wife, and Queene of sad mischance,

These English woes, shall make me smile in France.
Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a-while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:

Compare dead happinesse, with living woe:
Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,

And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,

Dut. I prythee heare me speake.

Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curse.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,
And pierce like mine.

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words?
Qu. Windy Attornies to their Clients Woes,

Ayery succeders of intestine ioyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,

Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

Dut. If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother

My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd,
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclames.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.
Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Dut. O she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,

From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.
Qu. Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne

Where't should be branded, if that right were right?
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,

And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine, slaue, where are my Children?

Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?

And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?
Qu. Where is the gentle *Rimers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

Dut. Where is kinde *Hastings*?
Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes:

Let not the Heauens heare these Tell-tale women
Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I say.

Flourish. *Alarums.*
Either be patient, and intreat me sayre,

Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my Sonne?
Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,

That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. O let me speake.

Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.
Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

Rich. And breese (good Mother) for I am in hast.
Dut. Art thou so hasty? I haue staid for thee

(God knowes) in torment, and in agony,
Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.

A greuous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.

Thy School-daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:

Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, flye, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred:

What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac'd me with thy company?

Rich. Faith none, but *Humphrey Hower*,
That call'd your Grace

To Breakefast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.
Strike vp the Drumme.

Dut. I prythee heare me speake.

Rich. You speake too bitterly.

Dut. Heare me a word:
For I shall neuer speake to thee againe.

Rich. So.
Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance

Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish,

And neuer more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my most greuous Curse,

Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.

My Prayers on the aduerser party fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* Children,

Whisper the Spirites of thine Enemies,
And promise them Successe and Victory:

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend.

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the Royall Blood

For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
They shall be praying Nunnies, not weeping Queenes:

And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

Rich. You haue a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Vermous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?

Qu. And must she dye for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her Manners, stain her Beauty,

Slander my Selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed:
Throw ouer her the vail of Infamy,

So she may liue vnscar'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princeffe.
Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.

Rich. Her life is safest onely in her byrth.
Qu. And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

Rich. Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.
Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.

Rich. All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny.
Qu. True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny.

My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Rich. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cousins?
Qu. Cousins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,

Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whose hand soeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,

Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.
No doubt the murtherous Knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.

But that still vse of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,
My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,

Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,

Like a poore Barke, of sailes and tackling rest,
Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.

Rich. Madam, so thrine I in my enterprize
And dangerous successe of bloody warres,

As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.

Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heaven,
To be discouered, that can do me good.

Rich. Th' aduancement of your children, gentle Lady
Qu. Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.

Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrow
Tell me, what State, what D

Canst thou demise to any ch

Rich. Euen all I haue; I

Will I withall indow a child

So in the Lethe of thy angry

Thou drowne the sad remem

Which thou supposest I haue

Qu. Be breese, least that

Last longer telling then thy

Rich. Then know,

That from my Soule, I loue

Qu. My daughters Moe

Rich. What do you thinke

Qu. That thou dost loue

So from thy Soules loue did

And from my hearts loue, I

Rich. Be not so hasty to

I meane that with my Soule

And do intend to make her

Qu. Well then, who do

Rich. Euen he that make

Who else should bee?

Qu. What, thou?

Rich. Euen so: How thinke

Qu. How canst thou wo

Rich. That I would learn

As one being best acquainte

Qu. And wilt thou learn

Rich. Madam, with all m

Qu. Send to her by the m

A paire of bleeding hearts: t

Rich. *Edward* and *Yorke*, then hap

Therefore present to her, as

Did to thy Father, steep in R

A hand-kercheefe, which say

The purple sappe from her sv

And bid her wipe her weepin

If this inducement moue her

Send her a Letter of thy Nol

Tell her, thou mad'st away h

Her Vnckle *Rimers*, I (and

Mad'st quicke conueyance v

Rich. You mocke me M

To win your daughter:

Qu. There is no other v

Vnlesse thou could'st put on

And not be *Richard*, that hat

Rich. Say that I did all th

Qu. Nay then indeed th

Having bought loue, with s

Rich. Looke what is don

Men shall deale vnaduisedly

Which after-houres giues lo

If I did take the Kingdome

To make amends, Ile giue it

If I haue kill'd the issue of y

To quicken your encrease,

Mine yssue of your blood, v

A Grandams name is little l

Then is the doting Title of

They are as Children but on

Euen of your mettall, of you

Of all one paine; faue for a

Endur'd of her, for whom y

Your Children were vexatio